TOY DOGS AND THE WOMEN WHO OWN THEM

CHAPPIE AND LITTLE MISS HEIM.

MRS. J. L. KERNOCHAN'S RED GEM AND ROCHDALE BRIDGET.

MRS. A. M. RAYMOND-MALLOCK WITH MERRY SCAMP.

MRS. H. T. FOOTE AND HER PETS.

MISS MAY BRUCE BRENNAN AND HER RUBY SPANIEL KISS.

MISS KITTY CAMERON AND HER TOY BULL TERRIERS.

~MRS. T. G. PATTEN~ WITH POODLE AND DACHSHUND.

Nearly as many women as men own kennels of fine dogs in these days and they are quite as keen at exhibiting them at the bench shows. The women include the whole gamut of fancies in their likings—big dogs and little ones, bulldogs, St. Bernards, Russian wolf hounds, field dogs, all the dainty toys and those that owe their greatest charm to quaintness, such as the sprawling dachshunds, the hairless Mexicans and the Shipperkes, that have no tails at all to wag.

But while a big dog or fierce one may be a chum, only the toy dogs may be household pets, and they thrive under the coddling of boudoir and parlor. Many women coquet with the problem and divide their allegiance among a half dozen different sorts.

This is a fashion sanctioned by royalty in England and by the Duchess of Newcastle, who has had perhaps more triumphs with a diversified showing than any of the many other women who exhibit at the bench shows there. She is as famous for her fine wire haired fox terriers and Russian wolf hounds as for toys, especially small Pomeranians.

In England many gentlewomen, as the phrase goes, maintain the leading kennels in many breeds, not necessarily toys, and they add to their incomes materially from the sale of dogs. There is a field for woman's work of the sort in this country and it is slowly gaining recruits.

Yet the American women who occupy it, or who would wish to do so, have many things against them. The first is the lack of what may be termed the inherent knowledge of a good dog, a perception fostered by many generations of the country house life, which is in its infancy here. Another difficulty is the long journeys between show places, which is slowly being overcome in the East by the development of the small neighborhood shows, but which is a handicap that has proved too heavy for more than one English woman who has settled here in the hope of succeeding as she might have done at home.

What is perhaps the greatest difficulty is that competent kennelmen and handlers receive higher wages here than in England. These occupations are now almost exclusively filled by men from England. Many handlers of field dogs, however, are Americans, and by degrees more of the latter may take up the supply and care of non-sporting dogs as a trade.

So far only about one in ten of the American women who have kennels cherish the hope of ever making a profit from their dogs. Instead, they wish only to possess, breed and show the leading type in their favorite breed. A woman of this sort is as proud to gain a blue ribbon at the Westminster Kennel Club show with a dog from her own kennel as an English breeder of thoroughbreds is to win the Derby.

Only by the survival of the fittest may winning strains be built up in a kennel.

"We drown the little ones and have to chloroform half the big ones in six months," was the reply of a woman who has a large kennel when asked why she had no good young dogs coming out.

In brief, only by the strictest weeding out of the bad ones may a kennel gain and keep up the sort that will win. The soft hearted owners who do not live up to this rule are a direct injury to every breed they go in for. They do not raise winners and they hurt the market for good dogs by turning out swarms of cheap runts.

"What do you think of my puppies?" asked a rich woman once of the expert she had at her country place to look over the kennel.

"To be frank with you," answered the expert, "you are not in good luck this year. A half dozen show promise, but the others are simply nuts, all legs and ears, and they should go into the water trough."

"No," rejoined the woman, with a smile of triumph. "I'll give them away as Christmas presents."

This is another reason why so many ill looking dogs are to be found, each vouched for as to pedigree, but who do their breeding no credit in looks, although to those that love them they are just as good as any blue ribbon type. In England the killing off of the undesirable puppies is a matter, of course, just as superfluous kittens have to be done away with, and to live up to the same principle is the first lesson an American woman must learn who goes in for a moneymaking kennel.

An American woman, too, is apt to grow so fond of her dogs that she hates to sell one. In England the selling is part of the game, and the women know every trick in their pastime. Besides, the larger the kennel the less chummy is a woman with her dogs, and this counts when it comes to selling one of them.

Over here, when a woman has at length made a sale of one of her best dogs, there is a scene of weeping at the parting that suggests the farewell of the Arab chief to his steed. A canny old dog expert has laid down this rule for dealing with women:

"When you go to buy a dog from a woman, bring along a puppy and throw it in to boot. It seems easier for them to trade dogs than to sell one outright."

This charge against the constancy of women to their dog chums may not be true. Hotelkeepers, at least, will rise as one and vote in the negative. The bane of their lives, the craft will declare, is the woman who insists on her dog, despite the rules of the house, sharing her room.

Abroad the hotel keepers are not so firm in this matter, and one of the incidents to follow the arrival of many women of distinction here, actresses in particular, is a lively scrap over the status of her dog among the hotel guests. We have all read how this or that distinguished personage has changed hotels on this account.

"Madam," one hotel keeper always says in closing his many discussions on this question, "it does not alter the case that you do not mind having dogs in your living rooms. It is the people who will have the rooms after you that I must consider."

It is possible there are ways of evading the rule, or that violations of it are sometimes winked at, or else it is hard to account for the appearance in early morning or at dusk near certain hotels that pretend to be the most strict on this point of uniformed bell boys taking out pet dogs for an airing. The fluffy spaniel or sleek toy terrier, which is usually blanketed and burdened with a collar that shines like gold and sometimes glistens with jewels, after being led up and down the avenue for a spell by the bell boy vanishes with him toward the back door of the hotel.

If women chose to smuggle in dogs, it would, of course, be hard for even the hotel sleuth to detect the crime. See Miss Brennan's ruby spaniel, for instance, whose soft and ruddy head is not so big as an American Beauty rose. Such a dog might be smuggled into a church and kept hidden in a muff during the service.

The women themselves would deny a charge of inconstancy to their dogs. Yet different dogs come in and go out as reigning fashions.

Newest of the toy dogs—to be a toy at all a dog must be under twelve pounds in weight, and the more under the more valuable it is—are three sorts that combine quaintness in looks, with tiny size and cheery, active spirits.

The rarest is the Pappillion, just imported from Paris by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, where it must have cost at least $1,000. "Monkey faced terrier," the French call it, and if you picture a short coated, sable Pomeranian of the smallest sort and add the chattering face of a monkey at the zoo, the portrait will do for Ruby, as the Pappillion is named.

It is, nevertheless, a cheery and playful little pet, and so is the only Pekinese spanie in this city, owned by Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Foster. It has flapping ears and a bushy tail, is tawny in coat and is as brave for its inches as a lion. Kama is the name, and in China they call the breed "the little lions."

Third among novelties are griffons Bruxellois, an active sort of tiny Airedale terrier, to draw a daring comparison. The whiskers, more fierce and bushy than those of a wire haired fox terrier, are the quaint point about this breed, new here but old in Belgium, whence, too, the tailless Shipperkes come. Mrs. J. L. Kernochan benched the best lot of griffons Bruxellois at the recent show of the Toy Spaniel Club in this city.

Mrs. Kernochan, like the Duchess of Newcastle, is a believer in a varied kennel. Besides the griffons Bruxellois—down Hempstead way they are called the new Brussels sprouts—Mrs. Kernochan benches smooth collies and Irish terriers. In the latter breed she is preeminent, and her favorite chum is champion Red Gem.

Mrs. Smyth of Philadelphia also goes in for variety, and so does Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who possesses a fine lot of old English sheepdogs, the three best black pugs in the country, and the first to be brought here, and—a novelty as rare and valuable as her Pappillion—a variety of white French bulldogs.

Mrs. R. F. Mayhew, who owns Fox Hills Dandy, the champion Pomeranian, is also a breeder of wire and smooth fox terriers, and Mrs. H. T. Foote, besides toys, has a fine kennel of Manchester terriers—the bench show name for the black and tan terrier—fox terriers and Irish terriers.

Mrs. T. G. Patten, who is portrayed with a dachshund and a poodle, is another who divides her allegiance in dogs. The most famous breeders of poodles in this country are women, Miss Alger and Mrs. H. G. Trevor, while Miss Marks is to the front with St. Bernards.

Women who go in for big dogs are named on every page of the catalogue at any big city show, here or elsewhere.

To prove it one has only to turn the leaves of the book at the Philadelphia show to be held this week which is the next on the circuit that includes the leading cities.

Always novel and hard to get are the toy bull terriers, of which Miss Kitty Cameron has a fine speciman in Champion Grassmere Nip. French bulldogs and our native Boston terriers, larger, but somewhat of the same sort, are even more popular and also very costly.

But the reigning favorites among the toy dogs are the Japanese spaniels, introduced from the East to London some twenty years ago as the Japanese pug, and the good old sorts, the Yorkshire terriers and the dainty spaniels. The latter are famed in prose and song, the names, indeed, breathing of romance, for the varieties are the Blenheims, King Charles, Prince Charles and Rubys.

They are the sweetest and most companionable pets to be imagined, for children, like little Miss Heims, may cuddle them, and they give distinction to the surroundings of any belle or matron. They are elegance personified lolling on the seat of a carriage, or as distinguished an escort as any women may need in the way of dog chums on a promenade.

The owners are as the sands of the sea, but the fine spaniels are as scarce as hen's teeth. Mrs. A. M. Raymond-Mallock, Miss Mary Henderson, Miss H. G. Parlett, Mrs. S. J. Goldenberg, Mrs. E. T. Shreve and Mrs. M. Johnson are all owners of fine spaniels.

Values in blue ribbon dogs, as a Wall Street report might quote, remain firm on a bullish market. In England to expect to get a good toy for less than $100 would be regarded as lunacy, but in this country, until people learn better by experience, the ordinary American setting out to buy a toy dog will usually set $100 as an extravagant limit.

He may cheerfully spend as much on one theatre party and supper, but for a dog that stands for a dog of breeding and beauty, a canine Vere de Vere, the price is deemed a regular Coal Oil Johnny burst of recklessness. This trait is also against the American women who go in for dog raising for profit.

As to prices, the rule should be the reverse of this. Bargains at anything less than $100 should be sought of the dealers, at their stores or on the curbstones, but when treating with a kennel owner the sum may do to start the bidding with.

PREMIUM ON FEW AMERICAN COINS OF MODERN ISSUE

"Very few of the coins issued during the last fifty years now command a premium," said an old coin dealer, "and yet there are lots of people who are holding coins that date from 1850 in the expectation that some time they will be able to get a large sum for them.

"Every day people come in here and offer a flying eagle cent for sale. They are always disappointed when I tell them that the coins are not worth more than $1.50 a hundred.

"There was one issue of the flying eagle cent that is now very scarce, and coins in fine condition bring as high as $15 apiece. These are dated 1856.

"It was in this year that the design was first introduced, and a small number of the cents were minted as pattern pieces and given to members of Congress and other Government officials. But the issues of 1857 and 1858, when their coinage was stopped, were turned out in immense quantities, and they are worth but little more than face value.

"Another example of the way in which people hang on to certain issues is that of the 'V' nickels of 1883, 'without the cents.' Of course, the omission was an oversight at the Mint and the Government tried to get the coins back, and this fact caused lots of people to think that some day these coins would surely be worth a large premium. Ever since they have carefully hoarded each one that has come into their hands.

"One man has even gone so far as to try to corner the market in these coins. He already has over a thousand of them, and buys all he can. He argues that after he gets hold of a great number of these nickels people who are collecting will have to come to him for them, and he can charge what he pleases. This man will have his hands full before he does this, for there were 1,000,000 of them originally issued.

"There are many people who have from ten to a hundred of these coins, patiently waiting for a rise, but I'm afraid they'll be disappointed like those who bought up all the trade dollars they could get at 85 cents. There is one man out West who now has 3,000 of these dollars, and is still buying.

"The 1883 nickels now command no premium whatever, and yet it has been over twenty years since they first came out. In the case of the trade dollars, they are worth even less than they were, and their price seems to be steadily decreasing, as they rarely fetch more than 55 cents, and never more than 60.

"It's the same way with the majority of the old silver three-cent pieces, the nickel three-cent pieces and the bronze two-cent pieces. Very few of them are worth more than face value.

"Columbian half dollars of 1893 are worth just face value, and not a cent more. The Columbian half dollars of 1892, of which a limited number were coined, bring a slight advance, but never more than 55 cents total value. The Isabella quarters are the rarest of the Columbian issues, and one of them in unused condition will fetch 75 cents.

"Another coin issued in recent years that at first was thought to be a good chance for speculation was the Lafayette dollar, issued to commemorate the unveiling of the Lafayette monument in Paris in 1900, but they are worth only $2. The Government mint made 50,000 of these coins and turned them over to the committee in charge of the monument in this city at $1 each, the premium to be devoted to the building of the monument.

"It's a hard thing to make a fictitious value for a coin, and this is clearly shown by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition's issue of Jefferson and McKinley gold dollars.

"These were the first gold coins to bear the portraits of United States citizens, and their issue was limited. The original price was $3, but the prospects are quite rosy for the exposition to have a large number of the coins left on its hands, as the general public is not at all enthusiastic over paying $3 for a gold dollar, and the coin collectors pay no attention to them whatever.

"The only coin issued by the Government during the last fifty years that commands a really high premium, with the one exception of the 1856 cent, is that known as the Stella four-dollar gold piece. This coin also was nothing more than a pattern piece. It was made at the United States Mint in 1879 and 1880.

"Only a limited number of them were coined, about six hundred in all. They now bring from $40 to $55, according to state of preservation.

"People will no doubt be surprised to learn that a specimen of the ordinary bronze cent of 1877, in especially good condition, brings as much as from $1 to $1.50. They command a premium, no matter what is their state of preservation, but their value doubles and trebles when they show little signs of wear from circulation. There are a good many cents of this date still in general circulation if one will take the trouble to keep a lookout for them.

"The coinage of all the smaller denominations was quite limited in 1877 and nearly all of them bring fair premiums. A nickel three-cent piece of that year is worth $3 to a collector, whereas the other dates fetch only a few cents. Nickel five-cent pieces of 1877 bring from $3 to $4."

THE RAREST OF ALL AMERICAN BOOKS.

So Rare That Not a Single Copy is Known to Exist—And Yet It is a Famous Book—It is the First Edition of the New England Primer.

"I am often asked," said a New York bookseller, "which is the rarest American book.

"It is a puzzling question to answer, for a dozen different works might be named—for example, the folio edition of the Columbus letter, the only known copy of which is in the Lenox Library on Fifth avenue, or Bayard's 'Journal' (New York; William Bradford, 1693), the first book printed in this city, long supposed to be lost, but unearthed by an American girl in 1902 among Gov. Fletcher's papers in the archives of the Public Record Office in London, where a unique copy had rested in obscurity since it was forwarded by the New York Governor 211 years ago.

"To my mind, the rarest American book is the New England Primer, 'the little Bible of New England,' as it has been called, which is so rare that the earliest printed editions have vanished, no one knowing, indeed, when and where the first edition was actually issued.

"A few collectors think that the first edition was printed in Cambridge, Mass., in 1668, basing their belief on a statement made by Marmaduke Johnson, a printer in that town, who was summoned before the General Court in Boston in September, 1668, to give an account of the books he had lately printed. In Johnson's answer to the Council he stated that 'he had printed the primer,' and this work may have been the long lost first edition of the book. No copy, however, has ever been found.

"The late Paul Leicester Ford, who published in 1897 an authoritative account of the New England Primer, believed that the first edition was printed in Boston about twenty years later by Benjamin Harris, a Protestant publisher who came from London to Boston about the year 1686, and there began to make and sell books.

"Some time between 1687 and 1690 Mr. Ford fixed upon as the date of the first issue of the immortal primer. Of a 'second impression, enlarged,' there is the satisfactory proof of an advertisement, an almanac issued in 1690 announcing that such an edition 'is now in the press, and will suddenly be extant.'

"Harris had already published in England 'The Protestant Tutor,' which, seems to have been the legitimate predecessor of the New England Primer, and it is a fair assumption that he changed the name and cut down the size of the 'Tutor' to meet in a businesslike way the pride and purses of New England.

"The advertisement unearthed by Mr. Ford is the only proof of Harris's connection with the New England Primer, for all the editions issued by him have disappeared. The earliest extant edition which he could discover bears the date of 1727, having been printed in Boston in that year by Kneeland & Green. The next edition known to him was dated 1737, the next 1738 and the next 1762.

"Since Mr. Ford's tragic death constant research on the part of collectors has brought to light other editions, although none bearing a date prior to 1727 has been found. The list of known editions printed before the American Revolution now includes the following issues:

1. Boston, 1727, printed by Kneeland & Green. One copy known—the one in the Lenox Library, lacking four leaves.
2. Boston, 1735, printed by T. Fleet. Not known to Ford. One copy known, in a private library in Brooklyn.
3. Boston, 1737, printed by T. Fleet. One copy known, in the library of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt.
4. Boston, 1738, printed by T. Fleet. One copy known, in a private library in Brooklyn.
5. Boston, 1746, printed by Rogers & Fowle. Not known to Ford. One copy known, in a private library in Brooklyn.
6. Germantown, Pa., 1754, printed by Christopher Sauer, Jr. Not known to Ford. One copy known, until recently in the possession of a New York firm of rare book dealers.
7. Boston, 1761, printed by D. & J. Kneeland. Not known to Ford. One copy known, in a private library in Boston.
8. Boston, 1762, printed by S. Adams. One copy known, in a private library in Brooklyn.
9. Boston, 1763, printed by T. & J. Fleet. Not known to Ford. One copy known, in the private library of the late Bishop Hurst.
10. Boston, 1767, printed by W. McAlpine. Not known to Ford. One copy known, until recently in the possession of a New York firm of rare book dealers.
11. Boston, 1768, printed by John Perkins. One copy known, in the private library of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt.
12. Boston, 1770, printed by William McAlpine. Two copies known—one in the Vanderbilt library and one in a private library in Hartford, Conn.
13. Boston, 1770, printed by John Boyle. One copy known, in a public library in New England.
14. Boston, 1770, printed by John Perkins. Not known to Ford. One copy known, which was sold in Boston last spring for $140.
15. Boston, 1771, printed by John Perkins. Not known to Ford. One copy known, in the private library of the late Bishop Hurst.
16. Boston, 1771, printed by Thomas Leverett. One copy known, in the private library of the late Bishop Hurst.
17. Boston, 1771, printed by Kneeland & Adams Not known to Ford. One copy known, in the private library of the late Bishop Hurst.
18. Boston, 1771, "sold by the Printer and Bookseller." One copy known, in a public library in New England.
19. Boston, 1774, printed by John Boyle. Not known to Ford. One copy known, which was sold in Boston last spring.
20. Providence, R. I., 1775, printed by John Waterman. Two copies known—one in the Lenox Library and one in a private library in Hartford, Conn.

"Certainly the New England Primer is the rarest American book. Here we have twenty editions printed before the Revolutionary days, and, with two exceptions, each edition is represented to-day by a unique copy.

"Notwithstanding the most careful search by a multitude of investigators in all ranks of life, and the most expensive advertising, perhaps, ever given to any book in the reading columns of hundreds of newspapers all over the United States, no more than this score of editions are extant at the present time.

"It is easy to understand how the early editions have disappeared. All collectors know how difficult it is to find old school books, and the New England Primer, which was used both as a text book for primary training and as an elementary spiritual guide, was literally thumbed out of existence.

"The value of copies bearing early dates is wonderfully high. In 1876, when little attention was paid to the book, the Lenox Library gave $5 for a copy of the edition of 1727, the earliest known. Two years ago a firm of rare book dealers in this city gave $2,500 for a copy of the edition of 1735, the second earliest known, selling it at a considerable advance on that sum to a private collector in Brooklyn.

"No copy of an early edition has occurred for sale in the open market for a long period, and the auction value of such a copy is difficult to estimate. It would assuredly bring a long price in the auction room, for this little book, once disregarded as a worthless trifle, is now prized as the rarest American book."

A TRIBE OF APELIKE SAVAGES WHO CAN'T WALK

Buried in the last annual report on British New Guinea is the interesting story of the tribe in the northeastern part of the colony that have lived so long—perhaps for many generations—in boats and huts erected on piles in the middle of swamps and lakes that they can scarcely walk. Their legs have been so long unused that they have not developed in proportion to other parts of their bodies.

The acting administrator of the colony, Sir Francis Winter, was travelling in that region when he heard from the Barugi natives of this strange tribe. They are called the Agaiambos, and their neighbors told Sir Francis that they cannot walk on hard ground as other folks do, and when they try their feet soon begin to bleed. It is very rarely that they can be induced to leave their morasses for a moment.

The British party made its way through a forest till it came to a flat covered with tall grass and soon reached the edge of a wide sheet of shallow water which was little more than a swamp, though boats drawing only two or three inches may be poled across it. The surface was covered with water lilies and other aquatic plants.

Near the middle of the marsh, rising to a height of about twelve feet above the water, were piles on which stood one of the native villages. Nearly a mile away was the only other village of the tribe.

Here and there the villagers' clumsy canoes, small, long and narrow, but hollowed to a mere shell and easy to upset because they keep the rounded shape of the log, were moving slowly over the surface. Their owners used poles to send them along.

In the middle of the marsh the open water was several feet deep, and the natives, who are expert swimmers, were seen here and there leaving their boats and gliding with ease through beds of reeds or rushes or over masses of floating vegetable matter.

The Barugi people are friendly with the tribe and, after much shouting, the natives with the British party induced two men and a woman to come to the shore from the nearer village. Each of them had a small canoe and propelled it with a pole. The woman and one of the men were persuaded to come on shore where the visitors were standing.

Through a Barugi interpreter some conversation was held with the swamp dwellers. They said they had always lived in houses reared on piles in that very lake, and there was no tradition in the tribe that it had ever lived anywhere else. At one time they were fairly numerous, but many of them fell victims to an epidemic a few years ago.

The man who came on shore was middle aged and a strange looking specimen. He was a fair sized man from his head to his hips; he had a good chest, a thick neck, and his arms matched his trunk.

It was surprising to see how disproportionately small were his thighs; and his legs were painfully spindling. His feet were short and broad and very thin and flat.

The toes looked as though they were elementary and useless parts of the foot. The toes of the woman were long, very slight, and stood out rigidly from the foot as though they possessed no joints.

The man and the woman walked on the hard ground about as they might have been expected to do if they had wooden legs and feet. They were out of their element, and would walk only a rod or so away from their boats.

Sir Francis Winter placed one of his natives beside the marshman and observed that his native was about three inches higher at the hips. When a view of him was presented in profile he impressed the administrator as more apelike than any other human being he had ever seen. The woman's legs were very short and slender in proportion to her figure.

There amid these reeds and water lilies this strange tribe have lived for no one knows how many generations. The plants that grow in the marsh, the fish and the wild fowl they snare and the food which the sago palm affords satisfy their needs.

Sometimes this diet is varied with vegetables obtained from the Barugi in exchange for fish and sago. They build platforms underneath or beside their houses, on which they raise a few pigs.

Their lives are very monotonous and their habits apparently do not vary from one generation to another. When they die their bodies are placed at rest under a thick covering of matting on small platforms among the reeds.

The probability is that some time in the distant past their ancestors, defeated in war, took refuge in this swamp to escape their enemies, and they were kept there so long by the unfriendliness of their neighbors that they came to regard the swamp as a permanent place of refuge. Their descendants to-day know no better home and have no desire for anything better.